

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 8.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 372.

One square, one insertion, 50 cts.
A liberal discount for cash in advance.
Regular advertisements will find our rates to be as moderate as those of any other respectable paper.
Business notices, 15 cents per line.
Advertisements in Local Columns, 10 cents per line.
Announcements of Marriages, Births and Deaths, inserted free of charge.
Obituaries, Tributes of Respect, &c., will, however, be charged at the rate of 5 cents per line.
Instead of 10 cents, as heretofore.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
in every particular, and our Job Printer is acknowledged the best in the State.
Prices to suit the times.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

MAN TAILORS.
have agreed to a
to order by measure at
LOW PRICES
in Their Wages!

Suit, Dress Suit, A Nice Business Suit.
TER & CO.
Streets, Louisville, Ky.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Beck, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday, afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. E. Barrow, Superintendent.

METHODIST.—Rev. J. S. Shaw, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday, afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. S. S. Shaw, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. L. Harless, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night on First and Third Sundays. Union Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. W. E. Shaw, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednesday nights.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. G. D. Archer, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night.

MASONIC.

STANFORD COUNCIL. No. 33, meets at Masonic Hall on the First Thursday night of each month. A. E. Penny, T. L. G. M.

ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. No. 25, meets at Masonic Hall on the First Monday night of each month. A. E. Penny, T. L. G. M.

INCOLN LODGE. No. 69, meets at Masonic Hall on the Second Monday night of each month. Dr. J. T. Bonner, W. M. J. M. Phillips, Secretary.

ODD FELLOWS.
GOLDEN RULE ENCAMPMENT. No. 47, I. O. G. T. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on First and Third Tuesday nights of each month. J. B. Dennis, Secretary. J. B. Dennis, C. P.

STANFORD LODGE. No. 126, I. O. G. T. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday night of each month. Dr. J. B. Dennis, Secretary.

GOOD TEMPLARS.
VALLEY LODGE. No. 126, I. O. G. T. F. meets in Masonic Hall every Friday night of each month. Dr. S. P. Craig, Secretary.

MUTUAL AID.
LOGAN'S FORT LODGE. No. 27, I. O. M. A. meets at Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday night. J. B. Dennis, Secretary. J. B. Dennis, C. P.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.
HOPE LODGE. No. 12, K. O. P. H. meets in Masonic Hall every Wednesday night. A. A. Warner, Secretary. J. B. Dennis, C. P.

SCHOOLS.
Stanford Female College.
STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS
this Institution will open
ITS NINTH SESSION,
—ON THE—
END MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A
THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE
are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.
TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular departments. Primary, \$10; Intermediate \$15; Preparatory, \$20, and College, \$30.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address
MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, Principal.
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

STANFORD SEMINARY
Prof. BARNES. Prof. JENNINGS.

The next session of this Institution will begin
ON MONDAY, SEPT. 2, 1879.

And continue forty weeks, with a vacation of one week at Christmas.

The former Principals will continue in charge, but he has associated with himself Prof. Jennings, of Stanford Female College, who will have special charge of classes in the Ancient and Modern Languages.

TERMS:
PER SESSION OF TWENTY WEEKS.
1st Grade, \$15; 2nd Grade, \$20;
Senior Grade, \$25.

TAKE NOTICE.
1st. No pupils received who are in arrears for previous sessions.

2nd. All bills due at the end of two months after expiration.

3rd. All pupils charged from time to time, until the end of that session.

4th. No deductions for absence except in cases of protracted sickness.

Hope's Song.
I hear it singing, sweetly singing,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if it had taught it—
"It is better further on."

Night and day it sings the same,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so my heart will hear it—
"It is better further on."

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would cease,
Sings it when the shadows deepen—
"It is better further on."

"Further on! How much further!
Count the milestones, one by one,
No—no counting—only trusting,
It is better further on."

Marriage of the Midgets.

It has been finally arranged, after many discussions between their families, that the Midgets are to be married. Lucie Zarate, the prospective bride, is fifteen years old, and weighs a little less than five pounds. Her face is bright, but not prepossessing. The bracelets she wears can not be buckled around the third finger of a man of ordinary size. Her shoes (made to order) are 2½ inches long, and her gloves measure about one inch from the tip of the longest finger to the button at the wrist. Her cap was made originally for a doll in a Broadway show window, and is a good fit. In the matter of jewelry she is profuse. On each hand she wears a diamond ring; her brooch is a diamond, and she has a necklace for dangling ornaments on her ears, such for instance, as a small diamond supplemented by a California gold quarter of a dollar.

Gen. Mite, whose real name is Francis J. Flynn, weighs nine pounds and is fourteen years old. His face is bright and intelligent, and his conversation does not belie it.

"Are you going to marry Lucie?" the reporter asked him.

"Yes, we are going to be married."

"When?"

"Next Saturday a week."

"No," interrupted the female dwarf, "next Sunday. I want it on Sunday."

It seems that the marriage is one of convenience as well as supposed affection. The dwarfs, belonging to different families, are liable to be separated at any moment. It is thought best, therefore, to bind them by ties that can not be broken by show managers or disagreeing parents. Gen. Mite is twice the weight of his prospective bride.

The preparations for the wedding are going steadily forward. The bride is to wear a white satin dress studded with seed pearls. Small as her form is, it is estimated that the bridal dress contains no less than one thousand pearls.

The bridegroom is to wear his full dress suit, excepting that his vest of black cloth will be replaced by a white vest.

Miss Zarate belongs to the Episcopal church, while Gen. Mite's family are Roman Catholics, and it was on the question of religion that the families differed. The difference was finally settled. —[New York Sun.]

PILLARS OF SAND.—During the prevalence of the gale in this city, yesterday morning, tall pillars of sand were to be seen walking about on the deserts far to the eastward, showing that things were also rather wild out that way. At times such clouds of dust rose above the deserts that the Humboldt range and other high mountains in that direction were hidden from view. No doubt any one who might have happened to be out on these deserts would have found the entertainment but little inferior to that afforded by the sandstorms on the great deserts of Sahara. The huge clouds of dust were the subject of general remark in this city, being observed by all who looked toward the East, as where they usually saw well defined range of mountains in that direction they now saw nothing but a great yellow blur reaching up to and abutting with the hazy-colored sky above. —[Virginia City Enterprise.]

During the trial of Colonel Campbell, of Pittsburg, three daughters of the defendant were in attendance, and when the verdict of acquittal came in, five of the jurymen were kissed by the Misses Campbell. There will be no difficulty in getting men to serve on the Pittsburg jury hereafter, provided the defendant has several pretty daughters. The seven jurors who did not receive an osculatory reward are supposed to have been backslid, and when the kissing commenced, exclaimed: "The Campbell's are coming!" and sloped. —[Norristown Herald.]

An impromptu mock auction sale of women was amusing and profitable, at first, in a Racine (Wis.) church fair. The young men bid liberally for the attractive girls, and it was all very funny indeed, until an ugly, but influential sister was put up. The auctioneer was compelled to knock her down at 25 cents, and she was so angry that she put on her things and went home.

Capture of a Devil Fish.

One of the fishermen employed by Larco, in drawing his nets the other morning, found entangled in its meshes a veritable devil fish of large size. The ugly thing was so entangled, and held on with such tenacity, that it was with great difficulty, and only after tearing the net badly, that it was released and got into the boat. It was brought to the wharf, where a number of persons visited and inspected the monster. The body is an elongated oval about 15 inches wide and 4 feet long from the head to the end of the spear-shaped tail. The mouth, or rather beak, is exactly like the mandibles of a hawk, and is placed underneath the body. The long arms or feelers, of which there are eight, radiate from around its beak, and the largest of them are upward of 7 feet in length, making 11 feet from the end of the two longest tentacles to the tip of the tail. The other arms are from 4 to 5 feet long. The underside of these feelers, for about two feet from the tip, are armed with rows of sharp-pointed hooks, increasing in size as they approach the end, where they terminate in veritable talons. The body is of a reddish gray color on top and a pale salmon pink underneath. The underside is covered with small suckers possessing considerable power. Even after the creature had been on the dock for some time, and was nearly dead, a finger placed in the mouth of one of these suckers was seized upon and only released by a strong pull.

While lying on the dock the fish expanded about two gallons of the dark fluid with which it is supplied, and which it uses to discolor the water, either to conceal itself or render herself its prey. This fluid is of a most offensive odor and is of a dark yellow color. The monster, which was captured just inside of the line of kelp, would be an unpleasant thing to come across in the water, and after seeing him one can thoroughly appreciate the scene in the cavern so graphically described by Victor Hugo in "The Terrors of the Sea." The fish was cut up and taken out by the fishermen to their crab nets as bait, but the beak and some of the larger talons were secured by Mr. Reece. Small fish of this description have been found in the channel at different times, measuring from 6 to 8 inches, but nothing approaching this one in size has ever been captured in this vicinity. —[San Francisco Call.]

A Big Baby.

The largest infant at birth of which there is any authenticated record was born in Ohio on the 12th of last January. The new born boy was twenty-three and three-quarter pounds in weight (the ordinary weight being about six pounds) and thirty inches in height (the ordinary height being about twenty inches). The circumference of the head was nineteen inches, and the foot was five and a half inches in length. Six years ago the same woman became the mother of a child eighteen pounds in weight and twenty-four inches in height. The size and weight of the babe, though extraordinary, are proportionate to the size of the parents. The mother, Mrs. M. V. Bates, of Nova Scotia, is seven feet and nine inches high, and the father, a Kentuckian, is seven feet and six inches high, which is only twenty-four inches high, with the head thirteen and a half inches in circumference. —[N. Y. Times.]

The telephone could be made to relieve the labor of the hard-worked "circuit rider," as well as benefit the widely separated congregations. Instead of having preaching one Sunday at the school-house on Brushy Fork, the next Sunday in the log meeting-house at Smith's Cross Roads, the next Sunday at Brother Murphy's, and the next at some other place, the preacher, if telephonically connected with his stations, could sit at home and give all of them two good sermons every Sunday.

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there to play propriety. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice: "Auntie, kiss me, too." We leave you to imagine what had just happened. —[You should say twice, Ethel dear, two is not grammar.]—[London World.]

The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl six years old. She was eating an egg at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust. "I like it. If I loved it, I should kiss it."

Is Grant Insane?

For three months there have been curious stories told about Gen. Grant and his conduct at various places, which excited the astonishment, to say the least, of the punctilious courts of Europe. Some scandal was occasioned by the reproduction of part of a paragraph from a Spanish journal, at the time of Grant's visit to Spain, which specifically asserted that he was intoxicated while at the Escurial, and in such a way as to make it noticeable to every one present. Other things have occurred which the most lenient charity could not condone, and very much scandal has occurred in European courts in consequence.

An officer of very high rank in one of the services of the United States, who has just returned from one of the countries visited by Grant, furnishes an explanation which entitles the ex-President to the respectful pity of the country rather than to its sneers. The story, substantially, is that Grant's mind is seriously impaired; that it has been threatening for a long time, which was one cause for his going abroad. While in Germany, a most noted surgeon was consulted, whose opinion was that the disease threatened insanity. It was hoped that change, freed from excitement and anxiety, would work a cure, but this has not been the result; and while the attacks are intermittent and irregular, they are the cause of great anxiety to his family and friends. —[Atlanta Constitution Letter.]

Another counterpart to the "hardly ever" word-play has been discovered by the Philadelphia Bulletin, in an old anecdote of Louis XV. of France. In the chapel at Versailles, one Sunday, where the King, Mme. du Barry and all the court were present, the preacher began his sermon solemnly with the words, "My friends, we must all die!" The King was disturbed and made a grimace, whereupon the courtly preacher added, "or nearly all."

Rev. Mr. Beecher says that in the vast population of 400,000,000 Chinese there is scarcely one who cannot read and write. And such writing! Give a two-year-old American a can of paint and a box, and in five minutes he will cover the latter—and his face and fingers—with Chinese writing, and the mother will understand it as quickly as she would the language on a tea-box. —[Norristown Herald.]

The clergyman who thus described an every-day horse transaction, was on his high horse of rhetorical sublimity: "You may kindly guide the prancing steed to the crystal brook which bubbles down the hillside in the summer sun, but you can not coerce him to stoop and slake his thirst in the silvery stream if he be not willing to accept your proffered kindness."

A raw German, who had been summoned for jury duty, desired to be relieved, giving this reason: "Schudge, I can't high goot English onderstan." Looking over the crowded bar, the Judge replied: "Oh, you can serve. You want have to understand good English; you want hear any such here."

A Bridgeport woman declared that she would whip the girl with whom she caught her husband walking in the street, and did it. She also said she would scratch the husband's eyes out, and tried to do it. She started for the water, declaring she would drown herself, but didn't do it.

Only five or six Republican organs oppose Grant's nomination. The vast majority of Republicans declare for sectional discord, plunder of the treasury, multiplication of offices and the restoration of military rule and a strongly centralized government. —[Courier-Journal.]

"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother one day. "Why not, my child?" "Because you can never make them kneel, I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers." —[Youth's Companion.]

An exchange says: "A Muscatine lady named her canary, Jim Blaine. He did not sing much, but she loved him tenderly, until last Saturday, when she learned that Jim had laid an egg. Now she declares that 'no dependence can be placed on a politician.'"

"One half the world don't know how the other half live," exclaimed the gossiping woman. "Oh, well," said her neighbor, "don't worry about it; 'tisn't your fault if they don't."

Let a man pull a straw out of a hay-mow at Leadville to pick his teeth with, and the first thing he hears is, "Say, you thief, did you know hay was worth \$200 a ton around here?"

The Love of Home.

A man who is not ashamed of his early condition. It happened to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers in Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, and early affections and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fall in affectionate devotion for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind! —[Daniel Webster.]

David Snodgrass, the only lawyer in Farmington, Va., became counsel for some very detestable criminals. The people of that village were indignant, and scouted the idea that the worst of culprits are entitled to legal defense. Then he grew angry, and told his neighbors to attend to their own business rather than to his. That night Mr. Snodgrass was taken out of his house, whipped, larded, feathered and ridden on a rail.

James L. Humphrey, a Reading (Vermont) hotel keeper, on getting out of bed one morning, said that he would die before night. He made his will, dressed himself as he desired to be buried, and then reclined in an easy chair with a pipe and a Bible, to prepare for death. The astonishing part of the story is that he did die, an attack of heart disease carrying him off.

"What," asks the Woman's Journal, "is a sadder sight than seeing a bride sick at heart?" Why, sick at sea, of course—especially when you get a subject who paws the deck with her feet, digs her elbows into the rail, grasps her bursting temples with desperation and gurgles out, "Oh, my! Oh! dear! Oh! George!"

The proudest moment of a mother's life is just after she has trimmed the hair of her young hopeful, using the edge of a bowl to guide the shears evenly around his intellectual forehead. 'Tis then she gazes on him with the fondest maternal hopes, and sees the future Congressman standing out in bold relief.

Scene in a horse car: A roughly dressed man, a new-made husband and his wife are the occupants. Car goes off the track and rough man says damn. You jumps "hubby," saying, "How dare you say damn before my wife?" "How did I know your wife wanted to say damn first?" was the reply.

General Lee asked a straggler one day, whom he found eating green persimmons, if he did not know they were unfit for food. "I'm not eating them for food, General," replied the man. "I'm eating them to draw my stomach up to fit my rations."

An exchange says: Taking a thousand married men from 25 to 30 years of age, only six die yearly, while of a like number of bachelors ten drop off. Get married boys and take up the chances.

The latest rendering of the proverb is: "People who live in glass houses, and who want to throw their arms around the girl, should pull down the blinds."

No Opium! No Morphia or other dangerous drug is contained in Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, for the relief of Colic, Teething, etc. Price 25 cents.

It is strange how many letters containing money are mislaid, while a patent medicine advertisement goes through as slick as a whistle.

The diamond pin of the fashionable hotel clerk will be worn this summer by the wife of the pawnbroker. —[Philadelphia Chronicle.]

The Methodist Book Concern, of Chicago, has sold 40,000 copies of the new 'Methodist Hymnal' since its issue in August last.

Three is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and set enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.

James B. Beck as a Farm Hand.

Mr. G. D. Hunt was keeping a lively stable in this city many years ago. One day a stout, hearty young man, carrying a bundle on a stick over his shoulder, walked into his stable and asked for employment. Mr. Hunt, having a farm near the city, engaged him, and sent him out to work. While on the farm the young man worked hard, and at night studied law. He was, while on the farm, simply a farm hand, and a good one, too. A few years later, this young man was admitted to the bar in this city, and soon his name was a most familiar one with all the bar and the public. That name to-day, indicates, not a studious young lawyer, carving out his own fortune, but the honored Senator from Kentucky, James B. Beck. —[Lexington Transcript.]

A postal card addressed to a man at Bloomington, Kentucky, was received at the office the other day, upon the back of which was printed an advertisement calling attention to a rare opportunity for a young man of "energy, enterprise and integrity." It was sent back with this indorsement of the postmaster, "Try Bloomington, Indiana. Neither side of this card will fit any man here."

One of the small seeds of a grape has caused the death of a resident of San Francisco, by lodging in the intestines and forming an abscess. Fatal results, more especially in children, are known frequently to have followed the swallowing of grape-seeds, which pass out of the stomach undigested, irritating the small intestines, and producing inflammation.

"I don't deny that we have bugs," said a Leadville landlady; "but you will not find them the same wild Western animals they have at the other hotels in town. My bugs never ask more than 'half of the bed, and no guest has ever complained that they kicked, snored, talked in their sleep, or spit on the carpet."

Hon. J. E. Donaldson sends to our office a few specimen stalks of a 8-acre patch of wheat, measuring an average height of thirty-six inches and well headed. He expects to eat flour from this wheat by the 30th inst. It will be early flour. —[Bainbridge (Ga.) Democrat.]

When a boy walks with a girl as though he was afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, she is the sister of some one else. —[Stillwater Lumberman.]

The postmaster in Lemont, Ill., keeps a bar-room, and it is charged that he encourages men to spend their money for his liquor by promising to help their families from the public treasury. —[Chicago Times.]

Women, like newspaper foremen, are sometimes troubled about making up their forms. —[Waterloo Observer.]

Particularly it is there a scarcity of live matter. —[Ottawa Republican.]

Knowledge can not be acquired without pain and application. It is troublesome and like deep digging for pure waters; but when you come to the spring it rises up to meet you.

There are four hundred and fifty daily weekly, monthly and quarterly publications in New York City alone, while Paris has one thousand one hundred and ninety-one.

The first bird of Spring attempted to sing, but ere he had sounded a note, he fell from the limb, a dead bird was him—the music had friz in his throat.

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his paper is intolerably damp, says it is "because there is so much due on it."

The soldier may draw a useful lesson from the old carpet, observes Pacl. It shows its colors the plainer the more its beaten.

It is a terrible thing when a young lady marries beneath her station. Some of her diamond rings may slip off in the biscuit dough.

Now that the thunderstorm season has arrived, the reckless small boy will be more prompt at prayers. —[N. O. Times.]

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll makes the bold statement that he is the only man in the country who has read the Bible through in the past year.

Conclusive evidence at a recent trial in England proved that a girl had become a mother at the age of twelve years and one month.

There are some men in this world so mean that, if possible, they would use the bark of a dog for medicinal purposes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STANFORD**Marble Works.****G. G. WINE & CO., Proprietors,**

—DEALERS IN—

Foreign & Domestic Marbles

—AND MFRS. OF—

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, ETC.**Marble Work of all kinds neatly executed. Fine work, low prices and fair dealing. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.****Lancaster St., Opp. Jail, Stanford, Ky.**

—NEW—

Meat and Provision Store,**Chenault's Old Store-room,****STANFORD, KY.****BY A. J. HARRIS.**

I will keep all kinds of

Fresh and Salt Meats, Lard, Sausage,**Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Oysters****and Fish in their Season, &c.**

I will pay the highest cash price for

Country Produce, Hides,**and Tallow.**

I am also prepared to do all kinds of

Saddlery and Harness Work.Call and see me, and I assure you that I will do you right. Respectfully, **A. J. HARRIS.****J. R. WARREN****& SON,****"P. O. STORE,"**

You will find Staple and Fancy Groceries of all kinds at the P. O. Store.

You will find Oranges, Lemons, Dried Apples and Peaches, Prunes, Maple Sugar and Cocomuts at the P. O. Store.

You will find Cheese, Macaroni, Cracked Wheat, Rice, Dried Beef and Canned Goods of every description at the P. O. Store.

You will find Garden Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks, Hoes and Ax Handles, at the P. O. Store.

You will find Briggs & Bus's, D. M. Ferry & Co.'s and Detroit Seed Co.'s Garden Seeds at the P. O. Store.

You will find a good assortment of New Moss Baskets at the P. O. Store.

You will find Japanese Bird Cages, Breeding Cages and several other kinds of Cages at the P. O. Store.

You will find Sheep Shears, Pruning Shears and Knives, Grass Knives and Lawn Mowers at the P. O. Store.

You will find an assortment of Brides—Blind and Biding, Collars, Hoses, Hame Strings and Trace Chains at the P. O. Store.

You will find Butter Cakes and Stoneware of all kinds at the P. O. Store.

You will find Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Meal, Flour and Potatoes at the P. O. Store.

You will find, in addition to above, a complete stock of Hardware and Cutlery at the P. O. Store.

You will find Water Buckets, Tubs, Hail-Bushels, Rolling Pins, Rooms and Ax Handles, at the P. O. Store.

You will find several different makes of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Needles at the P. O. Store.

You will find always ready to give the highest market price for Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon, Meal and Flour at the P. O. Store.

You will find that we will always take pleasure in waiting on you when in need of anything in our line, and ask all to give us a call at the P. O. Store.

J. WINTER & CO.

OUR JOURNEY

IT WAS EVER THIS.

On one of those glorious eve's in September, Claud Wood and Coral Rivers had strolled down to the beach, and now stood gazing at the radiant sunset, and watching its gorgeous rays as they cast a farewell glance over the Western sky, to disappear behind the hills and tree-tops; and not until the last ray had sunk from view did Coral turn to her companion.

Her face was lighted up with inspiration that is always imparted to "lovers of the beautiful," when gazing on such a scene, and her enthusiasm found expression in words. She looked so lovely, now, that Claud's pent up feelings gave way, and passionately he told her of his love and adoration for her.

He never meant to tell her yet, but now it was told, and he said, low, tender and sweet, "don't try to think now, one week from today, I will call for my answer." Offering her his arm, they slowly retraced their steps, until they stood on the threshold of Mr. Rivers' elegant mansion, and with a bow, "Good night, and may God bless you," Claud parted from his only love.

Coral hastily escaped to her room, and kneeling, she thanked the Giver of all this happiness, for all His glorious gifts unto her.

How happy she was! Yet, sorrow would, before long, cloud that brow and threaten to overshadow all this joy forever, with one mighty stroke, for two days later as Claud was glancing over his letters one caught his eye that caused the blood to tingle in his veins. He knew who had penned that daintily written letter, and softly smiling to himself, he broke the seal, and as he did so, a shudder passed over him, he could not tell why. This is what he read:

"Mr. Wood—You had better not come Friday, as I will not receive you. You know why. Never speak to me again. Sincerely,
CORAL RIVERS."

Claud leaned back in his chair and murmured, "Oh! God, how can I bear it," and then suddenly exclaimed, "She is false, I could have sworn she loved me." A long time he sat thus, and then slowly rising, said, "Yes, I will start to Europe to-morrow."

And thus it was that Coral read in the paper the next day of Claud's departure, for years, and maybe life, of foreign travel.

Poor Coral! she thought it would kill her, and it did come very near. And only after weeks of suffering did she recover.

Four years have passed away, years of sadness to Coral, yet, after the first burst of sorrow had gone, Coral had learned to lean on Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Those words were very sweet to her, and often, oh! how often did they rise up in her mind.

"Just four years to-night and now I shall see him again," murmured Coral to herself, for the same paper that told of Claud's departure, now published his return. To-night, Coral was to go to a ball, and a friend had told her Claud would be there. Coral wore a white silk, richly brocade, and over it was a shimmering veil of point lace, caught up here and there with clusters of pearls; pearls were scattered over her golden hair in magnificent profusion, and it appeared as if a hail storm had dashed over it; and the frosting at her throat was caught with diamonds, that looked like an ice spray. She looked like a snow-cloud, and many were the admiring glances cast upon her, and has been said, thought slightly different, she was, "Queen Lily in the rosebud garden of girls." But this all ceased at last, and Coral was on her way home; she had seen Claud once more, the same as of old, only once had he spoken to her, and then he had said, "I have an explanation to make, may I call to-morrow?" and she had bowed assent.

But on the morrow when his card was brought to her, she could scarcely stand, and descended the stairs like one in a dream. She scarcely knew when Claud met her at the door and led her to the sofa and told her of that forged letter he had received, and how many days of suffering he had undergone, until he received the other letter he had gotten, the letter of confession, how he had hastened home and gone to the dying bed of his pretended friend, and how he had confessed of having written the letter because he loved Coral, and knew she loved Claud, for he heard their interview on the beach; and lastly, he told her of his deathless love for her, how weary the time had been that he spent in roving over the world and striving to forget her, whom he believed false, and Coral could only kiss him and sob, that she loved him all the time. In October, they were married. It was ever thus. And after this, he will say that the righteous have no reward?

PATIE McCORMACK.

[The above is by a little girl, and is a commendable production for one of her years.—Ed. Int. Jour.]

THE MORPHINE HABIT.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

During a conversation with a friend in his cozy room at the hotel, I made a remark prompted by the frequent allusions to the matter I had lately seen in the newspapers, that the opium or morphine habit seemed to be spreading to an alarming extent. My friend sighed as one who recalls some unpleasant incident of his life, and turning toward me, asked: "Did you ever take morphine?" Upon my replying that I hadn't, he moved his chair closer to mine and said:

"I contracted the morphine habit once, and the memory of my sufferings while struggling to loosen the deadly coils of the insidious poison, makes me shudder to this day."

I became interested at once, and begged him to relate his experience with the drug.

"I got in the way of taking it," he resumed, "through its being administered to deaden the pain consequent upon a heavy fall I received some years ago. At the time I was not aware of the dangerous nature of the drug, and after I had recovered from my injuries continued to take it without the doctor's knowledge. The drug of whom I procured the subtle powder, warned me that the habit when once formed was harder to abandon than the use of spirituous liquors, but as I had never found the ties of conviviality very hard to relinquish, I disregarded the druggist's warning, and continued the use of morphine. I discovered that to produce the wished for effect, it was necessary to gradually increase the dose, and at the end of my first year's mind-destroying slavery, I was able to take at a single dose a quantity sufficient to put three or four men, not accustomed to the drug, into their eternal sleep."

"At about this time good fortune placed in my hands a book written by a victim of morphine. Up till that time I had supposed that the habit could be relinquished without much inconvenience to the victim, but the terrible revelations made by the author of that work, a poor, shattered fellow, who had enough manhood left to erect in his mistaken path a warning of danger, thrilled me with horror, and filled me with a determination to abandon the use of morphine if it killed me."

"My friend, it is impossible to describe my sufferings after I had made that resolve. The toper, who, after having been liberally supplied with alcohol for an extended season, is suddenly deprived of the powerful stimulant, suffers intensely, but his sufferings compared with the physical and mental agony of the morphine-eater, deprived of his daily allowance, actually dwindle into insignificance. It might be possible to give some idea of his physical suffering, but oh! that misery of the mind which nothing can alleviate, the bitter accusations of a wasted past, and the awful gloom of the future, unlit by a single ray of hope—the deathly sensations around the heart—the dark thoughts of suicide—these must be experienced to be understood. Morphine so utterly destroys the will, that out of every thousand mortals in this world, there are probably not twenty who could, after using the drug, regularly for a year, entirely give up its use. Thank heaven, I had sufficient will to abstain from the use of morphine until outraged nature reasserted itself, and soon I was a man again, with renewed health and ambition, and now, whether you will believe it or not, there is not enough gold on earth to induce me to pass again through the horrors I experienced in the interval that elapsed between the date of my good resolution and my return to health."

My friend here paused for awhile, and then resuming the subject, he said: "Perhaps you may wish to write an article on 'Morphine Eating'—do so; it may have the effect of bringing many beginners in the habit to see their danger in time to stop without much suffering. But you had better counteract the effect the statements I have made will naturally have upon those who may be meditating an attempt to throw off the bondage of the fatal drug by the information that morphine eaters are obliged to increase the dose as time moves on and that at last the drug ceases to have a stimulating effect, and the victim, now become a perfect wreck in mind and body, is obliged to continue its use, or submit to torments to which hell itself might not be an extravagant comparison."

[Detroit Free Press.]

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where a fellow might laugh in contempt at life insurance companies, wrap the drapery of his linen duster around him, and lie him down to pleasant dreams, unperturbed by thoughts of perils from pestilence, shotguns or women. There is not much chance for us here. Cupid only knows how many of our defenseless sex are to meet untimely deaths at the hands, or arms, of the remorseless girls. The thing has begun at Milton, and there is no telling where it will stop. A young lady at that place the other day, asked the prayers of the congregation "because she could not set her eyes upon a certain young man in her neighborhood without feeling as though she must hug him to death." Thrice happy were to be a treacherous porcupine, and thrice armed is he who makes a pin-cushion of his coat.

Give the Poor Murderer a Chance.

It happens very frequently that, when some fiend in human shape commits a peculiarly atrocious murder, he is in Texas or in the New England States, a local paper, even before the verdict of the coroner's jury has been given, advances the theory that the unfortunate man (meaning the murderer) must have been out of his mind. Now, this is a great outrage on the part of the press. We insist that this custom of applying such names as fools and idiots shall be discontinued, as an act of justice to the murderer and his friends, and we propose to show on what unsubstantial grounds this charge of softening of the brain is based. For instance, a murderer having a spite against a certain man, announces his intention of taking the life of that man, and does so with a pistol or a shotgun. Now, if he had seized an unloaded sweet potato, cocked it, and fired six successive shots into the victim's body, at short range, that would be some slight evidence that the murderer was not in his right mind. Or, if the unfortunate man, still meaning the murderer, were to brain his victim by striking him on the base of the small of his back with a stuffed club, that might justify the editor in asserting that the unfortunate man was not in the full possession of all his faculties, that there was a hereditary taint of insanity in the family. But the murderer is never, or hardly ever, guilty of any such provocation for the insanity dodge. He procures the weapons best calculated to carry out his expressed purpose, and all for effect, it was necessary to gradually increase the dose, and at the end of my first year's mind-destroying slavery, I was able to take at a single dose a quantity sufficient to put three or four men, not accustomed to the drug, into their eternal sleep."

Then, again, let us examine the conduct of the average murderer after he has committed a misfortune. When he is wealthy or has influential friends, he is ever so crazy as to attempt to make his escape into the woods, where he is liable to be subjected to all manner of hardships, to be bitten by musquitos, to have to eat coarse food, to which his system is unaccustomed, not to speak of laying himself and his most respectable connections liable to the foul imputation that he is a fugitive from justice? Never! If he did so, there might be some cause to say the poor man's intellect was tottering, but it never totters. The first thing the influential alleged murderer does is to hunt for the Sheriff, who will protect him from the vengeance of the murdered man's relatives until the fess has been blown over. Does this look like idiocy? The influential alleged murderer is usually released on bail, anyhow. Why, then, should he place a stigma on his family by running away from the sheriff, usually his best friend? But when the murderer belongs to a highly respectable family, he can go to jail, have his meals regularly at the expense of the State, until the witnesses against him are dead, or have forgotten which man it was killed the other, and the alleged murderer has been "released on suspicion." It is true we have heard in defense of those who start the crazy theory that they are not actuated by hostility toward the poor, unfortunate, alleged murderer; but, on the contrary, the idea is, with some assistance from learned physicians, to fully establish the fact that the unfortunate man was not compos, in fact, to save his neck.

The idea is that, when the trial comes off, the public mind having already adopted the insane theory, will not be much surprised to learn his grandmothers and his grandfathers, and his uncles and his aunts, and his cousins by the dozens, were all idiots; hence there will be no surprise when the jury virtually says: "You are innocent; go and sin some more." Is this true? Whether the average murderer is insane or not, one thing is certain, and that is, that those who seek to shield murderers by legal sophistry, are either crazy themselves, or a great deal worse, they being, to all intents and purposes, *particeps criminis*.—[Galveston (Texas) News.]

A Singular Story.

The storm of sleep which lately caused so much havoc in the forests of France by overloading the trees with ice, was more than paralleled by a recent storm in Oregon. The Ashland Tidings reports that one morning on looking towards the mountains South of Ashland, the people were surprised to see the pine trees all bending in one direction, as though bowed by a terrific storm, while the morning was clear and calm—not a breath of air in motion. Upon a closer inspection the phenomenon was easily accounted for. During the night before, a heavy wind-storm had swept over the mountains, accompanied by rain and snow, and the steady force of the wind held the branches of the trees in the bending, crouching position, while the snow weighed them down, and the rain freezing upon them as it fell, fastened them in that shape with unyielding bonds of ice; and so they remained until old Sol mercilessly set them free.

The success of the London homes for the poor, provided for by George Peabody, has been very encouraging. The sound of the trowel has never ceased since Mr. Peabody's death in their erection, and yet now, that ten thousand people are taken in and provided for by the use of the income, the original gift of about \$2,000,000 is nearly as large as ever.

The Innocent Schoolmaster.

He doesn't know very much. He can ask the questions laid down in his text-book, and can determine with a good degree of accuracy whether the answers are repeated correctly. He carries a pen over his ear, a stick in his right hand, and a book in his pocket. He considers it of much more importance to secure obedience and submission than intellectual discipline. He frequently says: "Learn your lesson! If you ask any questions you shall be punished. It is not for you to know the reason why! Wiser heads than yours or mine have written these books, and it is your duty to learn what is written; and mine to make you do it! Study!"

He requires absolute, unquestioning submission. He neither thinks for himself nor permits his pupils to do so. He believes his books, and follows his nose. He is the sworn enemy of moral schools, teachers' institutes, and universal free education. With new text books he has no patience, and takes no special interest in new inventions; in fact, he rather more than half believes that Edison is a humbug. He idly puts on his skull cap of his own ignorance, and lives in the foggy atmosphere of his favorite pipe; and one of these days he will wrap the drapery of his snuff-stained garments about him and lie down unheeded, unwept, and unremembered. The above is no ideal sketch. We have many such teachers left lingering in the valleys of our dark corners. It is only by persistent effort that they can be driven from the teachers' ranks into the darkness of obscurity.—[Barner Ed. Monthly.]

An Enraged Female.

"Household Departments" are very good adjuncts to a newspaper in their way, when edited by a woman, but the male journalist who dabbles with the heaven-inspired mysteries of cooking runs a frightful risk. The editor of the weekly *Petaluma Peavine*, started a column of that kind recently, and a few days afterward a fierce-looking female came into the office, carefully concealing some object behind her apron.

"Are you the man that published that new and improved way to make currant cake?"

He said he was.

"You said to mix washing soda with the flour, and stir a little corn meal and sweet oil to give consistency."

"I—I—believe so."

"And to add fifteen eggs and some molasses, and two ounces of gum arabic, and set in a cool place to bake?"

"I think that was it."

"Well, take that then!" and the indignant housewife knocked him down with a weapon that felt like a sand club, but which he felt in his heart must have been a half baked hunk of cake, constructed on the Peavine pattern.—[San Francisco News-Letter.]

The whites came out of the war with a feeling of grateful affection for their former slaves, by reason of the fidelity of the blacks in caring for the property interests and the women and children of the South while their masters were in the army. It should have been the policy of a wise Administration to nurture this feeling, that the welfare of the whole country might thereby have been made paramount to the success of a party. This was not done. On the contrary, the carpet buggers left nothing undone that was calculated to engender a spirit of hatred between the races. In this way the planters, who were the best and only real friends of the blacks, came to be pointed out as their unyielding enemies. When the story of reconstruction passes into history we believe that the burden of responsibility will be placed on the shoulders of the self-seeking Republican politicians and their allies—the Southern carpet buggers.—[Philadelphia Record.]

INGENUOUS MODE OF TYING HORSES.

The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying which is entirely peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on, either backward or forward, one pulling the one way, and the other the other; and, therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and, even then, there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

MARKETS.

Stanford.

The retail prices for provisions, as follows:

Louisville.

Cincinnati.

LADIES' PURCHASING AGENCY.

BARBER SHOP!

R. H. WEAREN, UNDERTAKER.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS

THE TROTTER-HEED STALLION, WATERLOO

FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

Lexington Races!

KENTUCKY ASSOCIAT'N.

REPAIRING.

OLD AND RELIABLE.

SANFORD'S

EXPRESS RATES ON MONEY PACKAGES.

BRIGHT'S MILL

Having purchased the entire Dawson Mill on Hanging Fork, which is in good repair, having added a new engine to my cleaning operation and having just had my barrels dressed by the celebrated miller, of Louisville, I am now prepared to make a good article of flour from every barrel. Bring me a good lot of wheat and I will make you good flour. I sometimes make tolerably good flour out of very bad wheat. I keep on hand, and for sale, a good article of flour and meal. This market price for wheat.

COAL!

BEST OF COAL

J. N. DAVIS' GROCERY CONFECTIONERY

VARIETY STORE.

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,

WINE, LIQUORS, ETC.

CARSON & DODDS,

Saddlery, Harness,

WE will keep for sale a full line of the above goods, all hand-made and of the best material.

NEW YORK.

REPAIRING.

WE will do all kinds of repair.

NEW YORK.

REPAIRING.

WE will do all kinds of repair.

NEW YORK.

REPAIRING.

WE will do all kinds of repair.

NEW YORK.

REPAIRING.

CONDENSED TIME.

LOUISVILLE & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD LINE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS.

CINCINNATI SOUTHERN R.R.

2 DAILY TRAINS.

MAKING DIRECT CONNECTIONS.

PARTIES GOING EAST, WEST.

TO TEXAS!

THE ROAD AND EQUIPMENT ARE NEW.

TAKE THE CHESAPEAKE & OHIO R. R.

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE EAST!

PASSENGERS FOR THE NORTHEAST.

NEW YORK.

REPAIRING.

WE will do all kinds of repair.

NEW YORK.

REPAIRING.

WE will do all kinds of repair.

NEW YORK.

REPAIRING.

RECEIPT.

DR. A. G. OLIN

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

BOOKS FOR MILLION.

WOMAN'S MARRIAGE.

"THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER"

MEDICAL ADVICE.

PROF. HARRIS' RADICAL CURE FOR SPERMATORRHOEA.

"SEMINAL PASTILLE"

HARRIS' RADICAL CURE FOR SPERMATORRHOEA.

SEWING MACHINES.

BUY THE GENUINE SINGER.

SAVE MONEY.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

Will lease, in and close to towns, to prompt paying parties, at five dollars down and three dollars per month until the machines are paid for.

They have secured the services of Mr. E. A. Slapard, a thoroughly experienced repairer and adjuster, and are now prepared to

Repair all kinds of Sewing Machines at city prices.

Needles, Oil and Findings sent constantly on hand.

THE SINGER MFG. CO.,

8888888888

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON

8888888888

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY.